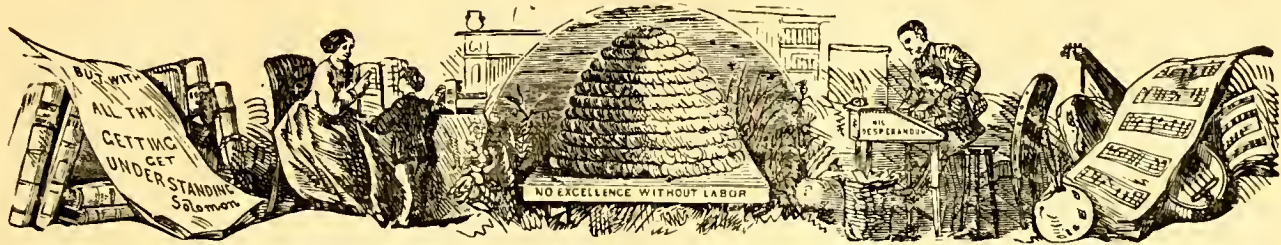


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. XIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1878.

NO. 15.

CORAL ARCHITECTURE.

OUR young readers will do well to notice in the future the structure of any coral they may chance to see. Unaided by a magnifying glass, they may not be able to see the different parts to advantage, but they will not fail to be profited by noticing the many natural contrivances resorted to for the well being of coral animals.

It will be seen that they have no bones in the same sense that animals of a higher type have, and yet they are supported by a skeleton-like form, much in the same way that vertebrates are. And all this framework is made without any effort, or even consciousness, of the living beings that dwell on and in part within the Coral; so that Coral architecture is in no way dependent upon the intelligence of the Coral animals. In this respect they do not differ from the higher class of beings, the bones of which are secreted for them by processes over which they exercise no control, beyond taking food into their bodies. It is so with the Coral animals. They receive food from the surrounding water, the element in which they "live and move, and have their being." The water contains lime in solution, which is separated from the water by the life processes, and made into the hard, stony material known as Coral. In this respect the polyp, or Coral maker, is unlike the bee as an architect. The busy bee works

outside of itself, intelligently, to make the cells of the honeycomb, while the Coral animal has the work done spontaneously inside of itself, just as bones are made in a vertebrate being.

Professor Dana, who has done so much to make known the

history of the Corals, in alluding to the process of secretion, as the operation of a vital function, says: "This process of secretion is one of the first and most common of those that belong to living tissues. It belongs eminently to the lowest kinds of life. These are the best stone makers, for in their simplicity of structure they may be almost all stone, and still carry on the processes of nutrition and growth."

In the curious cactus-like form represented in the picture we see a large colony of actinoid polyps. Each star-like process, although so flower-like in appearance, is, in reality, the aperture, or mouth, of an animal, surrounded by tentacles, which act as fingers to collect food. These fingers are of various colors and shapes, and are sometimes expanded or withdrawn at the will of the animal, of which they are a vital and necessary part. Even the



ACTINARIA.

individuals at the foot of the tree-like actinaria are perfect polyps. By looking at the section of a polyp, as shown on the next page the general structure of these creatures clustered together, promiscuously may be understood. We may

form from this a correct conception of the type of Coral animals of almost every kind. Some polyps live attached to stones and other substances upon the sea bottom, to which they adhere by a kind of sucker. The Coral-secreting polyps are fixed to the stone (Coral) which they create (secrete), and which is part of themselves. The polyp is the living part, the jelly-like or fleshy part which fills the cavities of the cells of the coralline surface. It consists of a sac, or enveloping membrane, which is, in reality, a stomach, the entrance to which is by the opening seen in the center of each flower-like disk. In all the polyps, whether they secrete Coral or not, the stomach, or the digestive sac, with its appendages, constitute the whole animal. Into this stomach the sea water passes freely, and the digested food it contains is circulated through the internal cavities. There is no other circulation of liquids.

The section of a polyp here shown gives a good idea of the skeleton form of the animal. The hard, stony parts, during life, contain the soft parts of the animal. The Coral is secreted under and around the living matter; it would otherwise interfere with its functions. The skeleton is secreted and built up from the lime just as the shell of an oyster is.

Some of the curious horn-shaped fossils so common in the limestone of this region are the skeletons of Actinoid polyps, of the eyathophylum family, a variety of cup Coral. These forms, when they are weathered out, may be plainly seen in the limestones. The partitions of the cells resist the action of the air and rain better than the material which filled up the cavities. Captain Stansbury was the first to notice these ancient Corals in the government reports. The limestone near the warm springs of Salt Lake City, and that of the Islands of the Great Salt Lake, is almost made up of Coral and shell remains. Several varieties are found in our canyons. One of the ancient hemispherical Corals is often mistaken for petrified wasp nest, honey-comb and other fanciful forms which they resemble. Some of the Corals found are slender forms, like twigs. These were erect when they lived, and were similar to the "plumularia," now growing in our seas. The cup Corals were in life erect, just as we see the Actinaria represented in the engraving. They had rays, or tentacles, around the upper part, the center of the "cup," or cavity, in which the mouth was placed. Coral was secreted by the polyp animal just as the Actinaria animals secrete that stony substance.

The polyps of to-day are building up rocks, and silently but certainly laying the foundations of future limestones, as the ancient polyps did. Some of the Corals are formed differently to the polyps here represented; but the life system in all of them is the same. All of them are part of the great creation of which man is the highest development, and for whom they, in common with other lowly creatures, have ministered in the long past ages.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

WHAT INDUSTRY AND PERSISTENCE
WILL ACCOMPLISH.

THE telegraphic dispatches of late have contained many allusions to Lord Beaconsfield. We learn that within the past few days all England has been striving to do him honor. He has been the object of many grand ovations, and has been feted and praised and admired, by the people generally.

Perhaps some of our young readers have already been led to ask "who is Lord Beaconsfield?"

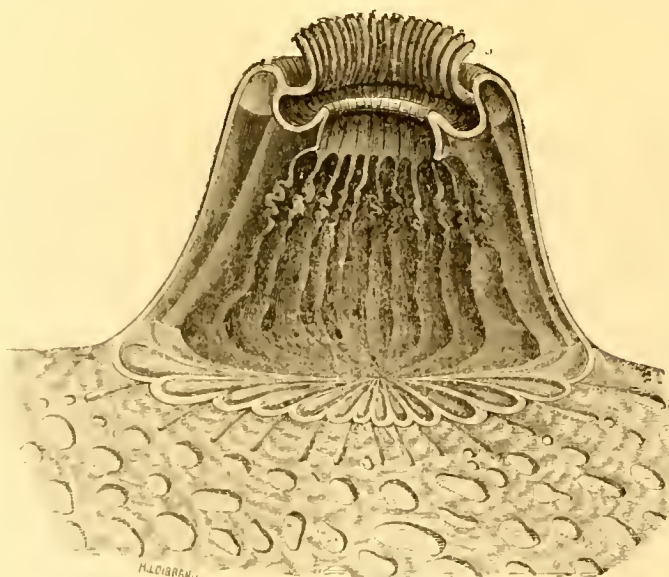
He is the Prime Minister of England, perhaps better known to them as the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli. He holds the highest office of any man in Great Britain, to which he has raised himself by his own exertions from quite an obscure position.

Benjamin Disraeli is of Jewish parentage, and was born in London, Dec. 21, 1805. His father, Isaac Disraeli, was an author of some merit but not much prominence at least while he lived. Benjamin received his education at home from his father and from private tutors. When quite young

he commenced the study of law, intending to adopt the profession of solicitor; but, disliking it, he soon abandoned the study, and applied himself to literary pursuits. His early productions, which were principally works of fiction, are generally regarded more favorably now than when they first appeared. He then had to face many things calculated to discourage any man less persistent than himself. Samuel Smiles, an English author, says of him:

"Mr. Disraeli affords an instance of the power of industry and application in working out an eminent public career. His first achievements were, like Bulwer's,

in literature; and he reached success only through a succession of failures. His 'Wondrous Tale of Alroy' and 'Revolutionary Epic' were laughed at, and regarded as indications of literary lunacy. But he worked on in other directions, and his 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Fauver,' proved the sterling stuff of which he was made. As an orator, too, his first appearance in the House of Commons was a failure. It was spoken of as 'more screaming than an Adelphi farce.' Though composed in a grand and ambitious strain, every sentence was hailed with 'loud laughter.' 'Hamlet' played as a comedy were nothing to it. But he concluded with a sentence which embodied a prophecy. Writhing under the laughter with which his studied eloquence had been received, he exclaimed, 'I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.' The time did come; and how Disraeli succeeded in at length commanding the attention of the first assembly of gentlemen in the world, affords a striking illustration of what energy and determination will do; for Disraeli earned his position by dint



SECTION OF POLYP.

of patient industry. He did not, as many young men do, having once failed, retire dejected, to mope and whine in a corner, but diligently set himself to work. He carefully unlearned his faults, studied the character of his audience, practiced sedulously the art of speech, and industriously filled his mind with the elements of parliamentary knowledge. He worked patiently for success; and it came, but slowly; then the House laughed with him, instead of at him. The recollection of his early failure was effaced, and by general consent he was at length admitted to be one of the most finished and effective of parliamentary speakers."

He was thirty-two years of age when he first entered Parliament. It was the first session held during the reign of Queen Victoria. Several years elapsed before his ability as an orator and statesman was generally acknowledged. In the meantime he continued writing industriously, and issued a number of works that had a wide sale, some of which were noted for their keen satire, and which were generally aimed at reform. In 1849 he became the leader in the House of Commons, and in 1852 was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, which position he also filled during two subsequent periods, and he is now, for the second time, serving as prime minister. He has proved himself a wise statesman and shrewd diplomatist. He represented Great Britain in the peace congress which recently assembled at Berlin, the result of which, so favorable to England, is due to his sagacious efforts. In consequence of this the people have been showering upon him laurels of praise, and he is honored above all others in the nation.

In the life of Benjamin Disraeli we have one of the best examples possible of what may be accomplished by industry and perseverance. These are qualities which we should all possess if we hope to succeed in life. They are qualities, too, which are within the reach of all, rich and poor. With these qualities we may attain to eminence in the world, as Benjamin Disraeli has; we may reach a position where we can confer great benefits upon humanity; we may establish a name and a fame that will live forever. Without these qualities we may manage to live; we may drift along with the tide; we may, under favorable circumstances, even succeed in passing a life of ease and enjoyment on the fruits of others' labor; but such a life would only be like the bubble, that bursts and vanishes, and is heard or thought of no more. With these qualities we may accomplish anything; without them, nothing. Many a person possesses one without the other, and fails; fortunate is the man who possesses both, for he is almost sure to succeed.

All men cannot be prime ministers, nor members of Parliament, nor even celebrated authors; but all can, by a proper use of the powers the Almighty has bestowed upon them, improve their condition in life. They can benefit their fellow-man. They can live to do good. They can strive to leave a name when they die worthy of remembrance; and if they are persistent, they will likely succeed.

Benjamin Disraeli is a Jew, a member of a despised race, a people who until recently were debarred from privileges in England, and considered unworthy to hold any national office. He had neither wealth nor influential friends to aid him, yet he has worked his way up, step by step. He did not settle back in ease and cease to labor when he had gained a competence. He was not satisfied to be honored as a great author alone. He did not make age an excuse for ceasing his exertions. He has been in the public service over half a century; he has reached the highest position possible in the nation, and now,

at the age of seventy three, he is striving to extend the dominion of the nation and increase his own power.

Without doubt, Lord Beaconsfield possesses great natural ability, but his best quality is his persistence, without this he could not have succeeded, nor can we hope to either in anything that is worthy.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

PERHAPS some of you may not know the meaning of the word conscience. We will explain it to you.

Did you ever tell a lie? Did you ever steal any-thing? Did you ever dis-obey your par-ents? If so, some-thing made you feel that it was not right to do so. That was your con-science.

Did you ever speak the truth bold-ly when you felt tempt-ed to tell a lie? Did you ever have a chance to steal, and refuse to do so? Did you ever o-bey your par-ents when bad boys coaxed you not to? If so, you felt that you had done right, and you were hap-pier than if you had not done so. It was your con-science that made you feel so.

If you al-ways do right you will have a clear con-science. You will not be a-fraid to look any-one in the face, and bold-ly speak the truth. A guilt-y con-science makes a per-son hang his head, and feel a-shamed to look an-oth-er in the face. It makes him a cow-ard. A per-son is never so brave as when he has a clear con-science. You may do wrong with-out any oth-er per-son know-ing it. But God will know it, and He will make your con-science re-mind you of it. You will al-ways feel guilt-y.

A lit-tle boy once found a hatch-et ly-ing on the road-side in front of a house.

His first thought was that it might belong to the man in the house, and that he ought to re-turn it to him. Then he thought how nice it would be to have it for a play-thing. Be-sides, it might not be-long to that man. Fear-ing that the man might see him and claim the hatch-et, he hur-ried a-way with it. He told his par-ents he had found it, but did not tell them where. He kept the hatch-et a few days, but his con-science kept re-mind-ing him that he had sto-len it. Then, to get rid of this feel-ing, he gave the hatch-et away. But still the feel-ing haunt-ed him. That lit-tle boy is now a man, but he has nev-er for-got-ten it. He has wished ma-ny a time he had not tak-en it. The man who lived in the house near by has long since died. So he can-not find out wheth-er the hatch-et was his or not. Nor can he re-pay him for it. If he could, he would wil-ling-ly give him ma-ny times the worth of it, to sat-is-fy his con-science.

GOSSIP ABOUT PICTURES

BY G. M. O.

PICTURES are cheap, and they are movable, and are perhaps more connected in our minds with art and house decoration than furniture. When I say pictures are cheap, meaning every description of painting, drawing, engraving and photograph, I do not mean that every description of pictures are good; but that every description of good pictures are cheap. Cheap, because they are a pleasant and enjoyable decoration to our homes, and cheap because they improve in moneyed value year by year.

A few instances of the increase in value of paintings may prove interesting to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. The late Mr. Gillott, of Birmingham, the man who "made people steel pens," began, as soon as he had the money, to buy a picture or two every year from some rising artist. He was an illiterate man, having raised himself from the lowest condition. Not being fond of reading, his picture gallery was his great resource for study, and the contemplation of his pictures his greatest pleasure. Although Mr. Gillott was uneducated in art, he had a natural eye for paintings, and could discriminate between good and bad ones. He only bought new pictures from young artists. In time the young artists became famous, and with fame the value of their early work was increased. When Mr. Gillott died his collection was sold for a vast sum of money, an almost incredible advance

on the price paid for them. For instance, the "Chess Players," by Muller, cost him \$300, and sold for \$19,750.

Mr. Wynn Ellis made quite a collection of the works of old masters. He had four hundred and four, most of which he considered genuine. He presented his collection to the English National Gallery, but the selectors would only accept seventy of these pictures as genuine. From this we would infer that Mr. Ellis was by no means a first rate judge. Yet, without being a good judge of an "old master," it is possible for a man to choose what is good; for this same Mr. Ellis purchased, for £63, Gainsborough's portrait of the "Duchess of Devonshire," simply because it was pretty, and he liked it; and since sold it for £10,000.

Mr. Sheepshanks, who has also bequeathed his rich collection of pictures to the English nation, started with judgment and taste, not money, as capital. The first picture he ever bought was Landseer's "Two Dogs," for which he gave the young artist £30. It is now valued at £3,000.

Hogarth sold his six pictures, "Marriage à la Mode," for £110. Fifty years after Mr. Angerstein paid £1,381 for them.

Richard Wilson, the English Claude, who lived 1714-82, one of the greatest English landscape painters, was almost starving when he received £50 from the Royal Academy. For some of his large landscapes, now priceless, he received only £15. A portfolio of Italian sketches, eight years' work, he sold to Paul Sandby for £10. His picture "Ceyx and Aleyone" he sold for a pot of porter and half a Stilton cheese. It is now held at £5,000.

The Earl of Carysfort paid Sir Joshua Reynolds £50 for his picture of the "Strawberry Girl" (1753). The Earl of Hartford, at a sale, in 1856, gave forty-four times that sum, or £2,205, for it.

Gainsborough sold his "Woodman" for £100, that, six months after, sold for £500.

Hilton and Hayden were born in the same year—1786. What a melancholy story of genius unappreciated does their lives afford us! Hilton, according to Mr. S. C. Hall, the veteran editor of the *Art Journal*, who considers him the finest historical painter of the age, never had a commission, and did not sell six pictures of size all his life. His picture of "Elith Finding the Body of Harold" remained so long unsold, that he finally cut it from the frame, rolled it up, and had it placed in a cellar. Mr. Hall mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Vernon, who purchased it for £200. It is now in the National Gallery, and valued at £2,000.

Constable, who lived 1776-1837, was not appreciated by the public. A picture for which he received £100 was sold a few years ago by Christie, the picture dealer, for £1,700.

Sir David Wilkie, when twenty years old, painted a picture, called the "Village Recruit," and placed it in a shop window, soliciting a purchaser at £6. It is now worth £600.

S. Prout never valued his best works at more than £60, though one, for which he received that sum, has been sold lately for £1,400.

Muller (1812-25) received £200 for two pictures. One of them, "The Slave Market," sold in 1870 for £900, and the other, a landscape, "View near Bristol," for £1,250.

C. R. Leslie received for his "Sancho and the Duchess" £75, which sold at the Rogers sale, in 1863, for £1,170.

Not only have pictures proven a good investment for money, as I have shown, but who can tell or calculate the vast amount of good and pleasure they have afforded to those who have the privilege of contemplating them.

Mr. Hall says, up to 1750 Mr. J. Linnell had been rarely able to sell a picture. At Mr. Hall's recommendation, Mr. Vernon bought "The Storm" from him for £40. It has since been valued at £1,000. Mr. Linnell has seen a picture, for which he received £50, sold at auction for £1,200.

The prices of good pictures seem large; yet, nevertheless, they have a market value, and generally prove to be safe investments.

I will give the prices received by the painters of many of our modern pictures, the engravings from which have, no doubt, become familiar to our readers, as an illustration of the large amount of money invested in a small canvas. Millais received for his "Black Brunswicker" £1,000; his "Carpenter Shop," £570; his "Proscribed Royalist," £551; his portrait of the "Marchioness of Huntly," £2,000. T. Fane's "Sunday in the Back Woods of Canada," sold for £1,700. Holman Hunt received from Mr. Gambart for his "Finding of Christ in the Temple" £5,500; but he had spent six year's labor upon it. The "Derby Day," by Frith, sold for £1,500 to Mr. Bell; and Gambart gave £1,500 for the copyright of engraving and exhibiting it. For the "Railway Station" Frith received £6,600. Queen Victoria commissioned him to paint the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" for £3,000, and Mr. Flatau paid £5,000 for the copyright. Sir Edwin Landseer received for his "Peace," "War," "Refreshment" and the "Stag at Bay" £6,850; for the "Highland Shepherd" £2,230. In 1870 Mr. G. D. Leslie sold his picture, "Fortunes," to a dealer for £1,000, who, before the day was over, resold it for £2,000. Three drawings, by Copley Fielding, were sold in 1863 for £1,890; they had been purchased for £103. Dore disposed of his large picture, "The Baden Gaming Table," for £1,200. It is said that Dore has produced more than 45,000 designs, without assistance. It is also said that one London firm has offered this celebrated artist £50,000 for fifteen months' work, or 1,250 designs.

I might extend this article indefinitely, but enough has been shown to convince the reader that money invested with judgment in good paintings pays a big percentage. And let me here say that though a good name is a good thing for a picture to have, it is better far for the picture itself to be good. Bad painting should not be encouraged. To encourage such is to do an injury to good art and hard-working artists.

Some people must have old pictures, by "old masters." Well, do not expect to find good old pictures for a small price. A cheap "old master" is not likely to be a good one; and not only are some genuine old pictures worthless, but some genuine old masters have produced pictures good for nothing. Poor copies of old masters are simply contemptible.

TROUBLE, like a strong electric light, casts another color over the formerly dark scene, and we discover what we had forgotten. Trials work a degree of tenderness of spirit, and so make sin conspicuous to the weeping eye and to the troubled heart. Many a man when in great trouble about other matters has also begun to be in deep distress on account of his sin.

Who ever asked a favor at the right time? To be refused is a woful stab at one's pride. It is even worse to have a favor granted hesitatingly. Better do everything for yourself until you drop from exhaustion, and then if anyone picks you up, let it be because of his free choice, and not from any groan you utter. But while you can stand, be a soldier.

THE GOSPEL PRINCIPLES.

BY DANIEL TYLER.

THE GODHEAD.

(Continued.)

THE Lord's Prayer is corroborative of the doctrine set forth in our last. Common sense teaches us if we have a father in heaven we must have a mother also. The fact of there being a Father clearly implies the existence of a mother; neither one could exist without the other. Both are included in the word God, in the same sense that the first man and woman on this earth were included in the word Adam, the latter being in the image and likeness of the former. The ancient Israelites understood this doctrine. But during the apostasy from the early church many discarded the Father, as this generation discards the mother. Hence, they ignorantly worshiped the mother, or the "queen of heaven." This is perhaps sufficient to make this part of the subject plain.

Now, has God a body and parts? The scriptures tell us that he ate and drank with Abraham. Jacob said, "I have seen God, face to face, and my life is preserved." We read that Moses "saw his back parts." Isaiah "saw him sitting on his throne, high and lifted up." Jesus looked so much like other men that He was crucified as a criminal; yet He looked so much like the Father that He told Philip he that had seen Him had seen the Father. St. Paul corroborates this statement by saying that Christ was not only in the brightness of His Father's glory, but "the express image of his person." As to passions, anger and love are the two strongest, and He possesses both. "He is angry with the wicked every day." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He loved Jacob and hated Esau." He "hated the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes."

The Father and Son have each a separate body, although their features are so much alike that Joseph Smith said when he saw them in his first vision the only difference he could discern was that one looked a trifle older than the other. The image of the person was precisely the same. In person they cannot each be in two separate places at the same time. The Holy Ghost, however, which is a divine spirit, power and influence, emanating from the Father and the Son, is omnipresent, or everywhere present, and fills immensity of space. It is that Spirit from which the psalmist, David, inquired where he could flee to escape from. If he soared to the heavens he was there. If he fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, or to the depths of hell he could not hide from it. It is that Spirit which Joel said should be "poured out upon all flesh." The same that would fill the earth with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the great deep. The same that Ezekiel saw fill the bodies of the slain of Israel, and they arose from the dead. In short, it is the minister of God, and reveals His will to the children of men. It opens the vision of the mind to behold eternal things, and foretells future events. It also unfolds the hidden things of the past. By it, through the Son of God, the worlds and all created things were made and are upheld.

EVERY good deed that we do is not only a present pleasure, but a prop for the future.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1878.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

PIONEER day is once more upon us. Thirty-one years ago this 24th of July President Young and the band of pioneers which he led entered this valley of the Great Salt Lake. Children who have been born in these valleys, or who have come here with their parents, can scarcely understand the feelings of joy and satisfaction which the pioneers and early settlers of this valley had in coming here. For years the Saints had been harassed, persecuted, plundered and driven. Their enemies had accused them of every kind of crime. They had made the world believe that they were the vilest of the vile. By this means they cut the Saints off from all sympathy. They could rob, drive and even murder Latter-day Saints, or "Mormons," as they called us, and who cared? When a nest of robbers or pirates is broken up who has any sympathy for them? This was the light in which our enemies represented us to the world. They said we were a very wicked people, and that we ought to be destroyed. They tried to make the world believe that in driving the Saints, burning their houses, stealing their property and shooting them, they were only giving them their just deserts.

For years before the Pioneers reached this valley it was not safe for the prominent men of the Church, especially Brothers Joseph and Brigham, to sleep without having a guard to watch their premises. They were constantly in danger. Their lives were constantly threatened. For some time before the Prophet Joseph fell a martyr frequent plots were formed to kidnap and carry him off. Then he and his brother Hyrum were cruelly murdered. At the time of his death the hatred against the Saints was intense. They were like sheep among wolves. There was a little breathing spell after the death of the prophet and the patriarch. But mobs soon began to form again. They destroyed the property of the Saints, drove them from their homes, burned their houses, and they were compelled to leave the small settlements and flee into Nauvoo. You can imagine there was not much pleasure in living among such people. The Saints gladly bailed the prospect, therefore, of leaving them. The Prophet Joseph had predicted that the Saints should become a numerous and a mighty people in the Rocky Mountains. The Prophet Brigham was inspired to lead the people forth into the wilderness, and they were brought to this valley.

Here the people were far removed from mobs. They could dwell at peace. And how delightful it was to live in a land where almost every one was a brother or a sister and a friend! Where we could live and sleep in peace without even locks or fastenings to the doors. No fears of thieves. No fears of sheriffs, or marshals or constables with writs to serve upon leading men, to tear them away from their families and friends

on false charges. No jails, or prisoners, or fetters in which to fasten men who sought to serve the Lord. If the food was meagre, it was sweet and eaten in peace. The land was healthy, the water was cold, sweet and sparkling. The people felt, in looking at the mountains which surrounded them as they towered to the sky, that they had reached a land of liberty and that they breathed the air of freedom. Can you wonder that the Saints rejoiced? Can you wonder that they endured privations and hardships cheerfully? The most of the people felt that if they could have bread and water, and enough clothing to keep them from suffering, they would be content, if they could only have peace. They, therefore, in reaching here were a happy people. They rejoiced exceedingly. The first few anniversaries of the day were celebrated with real joy and thankfulness. Those who then lived here remembered the bondage and oppression from which they had escaped. They thought of the old trials and perils. They recalled the persecutions which they had endured. They thanked the Lord for having led them out from the midst of their enemies, and for having planted them in a land where they and their children could dwell in peace.

Do we feel as grateful on this anniversary of this important day as we should? Has the recollection of the past died out? Children, do you remember and feel thankful for what the Lord has done to his people in giving them this land? If we forget these things we are not grateful. Our celebration of this day should be full of joy and gladness. The Lord has given us a choice land; that is, it is a choice land for Latter-day Saints. There is no part of the continent so well adapted at present, for the Saints as these mountains. The Lord has blessed the elements around us. He has made fertile the soil and prospered the settlements. He has given us good officers and enabled us to maintain good government. He has also delivered and preserved us. Our enemies have sought our destruction. They have formed all kinds of plots against us. They have tried to take from us the government. But in all these efforts they have failed. The Saints still have power. They are able to maintain themselves and to elect the men of their choice.

For these blessings let us be thankful. Thirty-one years have made great changes, but we hope not for the worse. We are full of hope for Zion. Zion is growing and spreading. Zion rejoices on the hills and breaks forth in the valleys. The waste places are being built up. We have as much cause to rejoice this pioneer anniversary as we ever had. Let all our hearts, then, be filled with praise to the Lord.

THE PERFECTNESS OF NATURE.—Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor with a microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar. But the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits everywhere the most beautiful polish, without a flaw, blemish, or inequality, and ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn are coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk-worm's web appears smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that is made with the pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be an accurate circle. How magnificent are the works of Nature!

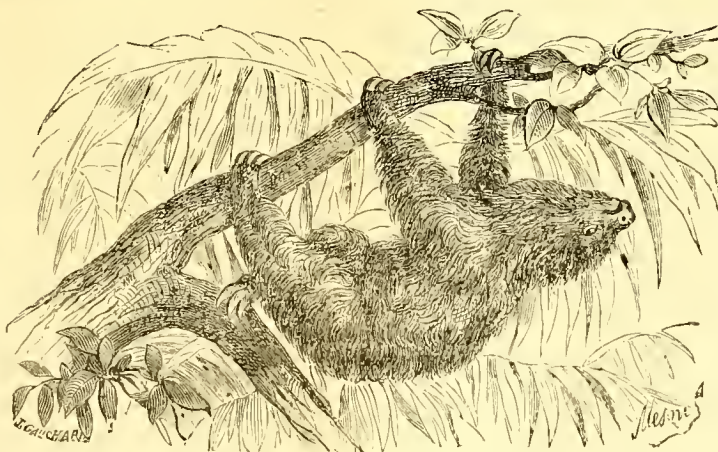
THE SLOTH.

THE Sloths are a strange kind of animal, which from their climbing habits, were for a long time classed among the Monkeys; but a more attentive study of their habits has led to their being referred to the order of "edentata," that is, an order of animals that have no front teeth. When they are examined on the ground they appear deformed, and, as it were, incapable of active motion; for on the surface of the earth they can only move with extreme slowness. This peculiarity is the origin of their name. In fact, their fore legs are so much longer than the hind ones, that in walking they are obliged to drag themselves along on their knees. Owing to the size of their pelvis and thighs, which turn outward, they are unable to bring the knees together. Only the inner edge of their feet rest upon the ground; and lastly, their toes, the number of which never exceeds three, are enveloped in skin up to the very tips, and must be constantly kept in a state of mutual dependence with regard to motion.

It will be readily understood that limbs thus formed are not well adapted for locomotion on the earth; it is, indeed, difficult to form an idea of the awkwardness of a Sloth when placed upon the ground. But if we follow with our eye its motions on a tree, in the midst of those conditions of existence which are natural to it, the Sloth leaves on our minds a very different impression. We then recognize that there is in them no want of harmony, and that they, like every other creature, possess the means of protecting themselves from the attacks of their enemies. They embrace the branches with their strong arms, and bury in the bark the enormous claws which terminate their four limbs. As the last joint of their toes is movable, they can bend them to a certain extent, and thus convert their claws into powerful hooks, which enable them to hang on trees. Hidden in the densest foliage, they browse at their ease on all that surrounds them; or, firmly fixed by three of their legs, they avail themselves of the fourth to gather the fruit and convey it to their mouths. No doubt, during the day, they appear indolent and sleepy; but the fact is, that their eyes are not fitted for brilliant sunlight. Their movements aloft betray no sense of embarrassment, and they can in no way be looked upon, in such situation, as being awkward. They certainly seem almost devoid of intelligence, but they are, in this respect, no worse off than the rest of their order.

Their stomach, like the ruminant's, is divided into four compartments, but it is not known whether they chew the cud.

Their coat is harsh, abundant, and long; and they have neither tail nor any visible external ear. They are natives of the virgin forests of South America; the two best known species being the *Uru* (*Choloepus*), and the *Ai* (*Bradypus tridactylus*), the kind here shown, which are found in Guiana, Brazil, Peru and Columbia.



NOTHING prevents a person from being natural and easy so much as an extreme anxiety to appear so.

PETROLEUM.

YOU who have chanced to see petroleum in its crude and native state—dark-colored, thick, rank, and viscid—can understand the appearance of the contents of the "phial" submitted to the old-time editor. The scrap, as follows, I clip from a copy of the *Richmond Enquirer*, bearing date, *October, 1821*—almost three-score years ago:

"*Natural Bitumen*.—We have received a phial of a fluid matter which has the appearance of tar, and of which we have the following account: The well that produces this bitumen lies about seventy miles west of Cumberland Gap, in Wayne County, Kentucky, on the Big South Fork of Cumberland River, and throws up between three and four hundred gallons in twenty-four hours. The bitumen has not yet been analyzed, and, of course, its value is not at present ascertained."

And that which so interested the editor of the *Enquirer* was simply crude petroleum; and the man or woman of to-day need not have reached the middle age—certainly, not beyond it—to be able to remember when the offensive, repelling stuff was as great a curiosity to the masses as it was in those other days.

The man did not then know, and perhaps there are those of the present who do not know that the petroleum, or coal-oil, of the great coal regions of America is identical with the native bitumen of the ancients. The Greeks and Romans were early acquainted with it, as were the Egyptians. They found it flowing from native springs, or wells, and also found it spread upon the surface of small bodies of inland water—aye, and upon the surface of the sea it has been found in the immediate vicinity of volcanoes. The Egyptians used it extensively in the final preparation of their

embalmed dead, so that now the mummies from the old tombs and catacombs will burn entirely away, like pitchy wood. In Sicily, at Agrigentum, was a well which supplied the people with oil for their lamps. In one of the Ionian Islands—Zacynthus, or Zante—is a spring of which Herodotus speaks, and which is known to have been flowing continuously for more than two thousand years, and how many years before that cannot be told. It was the base of the old Greek Fire, and we shall not wonder that many looked upon it as a direct gift of the gods. It is not our purpose to go into a disquisition on the origin of petroleum. The thoughts in my mind, when I took up my pen, was of the little phial in the sanctum of the *Richmond Enquirer* seven and fifty years ago and of the status of the same substance to-day. That "the bitumen had not yet been analyzed, and its value not ascertained." The growth of its product has been marvellous. The production of petroleum in the whole country in 1859 was two hundred barrels, worth twenty dollars per barrel. One year later there were produced five hundred thousand barrels. In 1874 the production reached its maximum—almost eleven million barrels, worth in its crude state, \$1.29, only, per barrel. We may safely say, that in commercial and industrial importance it is second to no other produce of our country. Already has it been made

to minister, in one way or another, to the comfort and convenience of the land; already has it stepped in and said to the great monopoly, "Thus far into the purses of the people, but no farther!" already has it gladdened the hearts of the poor everywhere with a pure and inexpensive artificial light; and where its career of blessing shall stop, the present generation will never be able to say.

Selected.

Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued.)

WE again visited Mr. Courtney, informing him that we would not be able to fulfill our engagement on Saturday evening, as Colonel Hathwaite, who was in temporary command, had forbidden us to preach in cantonments. Not being allowed to hold forth in public, we spent our time in distributing pamphlets on the first principles of the gospel, and selling books, explanatory of our faith, to all who would buy. In pursuing this course we made a few acquaintances. As soon as Brigadier Scott arrived we visited him, which was on the 17th day of October, 1853. He received us very politely, showing us into a room. After being seated, he asked us to state to him our views, our intentions and our object in coming to India. We related to him in short the nature of our mission, and that we had no other object in view but the salvation of the people. He replied that he could not allow us to preach our doctrines in cantonments; for it would be doing the missionaries of the station an injustice, inasmuch as they were sent, and paid by the government, to bring souls unto Christ. He further informed us that the cantonments were under military rule; and all civilians who desired to reside within the lines had to receive a "permit," from himself; also any bungalows occupied by civilians that were required for military purposes had to be vacated on that ground. He continued by saying that he did not wish to have any difficulty with us, but his advice was for us to leave the cantonment. We informed the brigadier that inasmuch as he had used his authority as far as it would stretch, we would try and see what we could do outside of cantonments, where his power did not extend. He replied that if we were successful in obtaining a suitable place outside we must not send our circulars to the soldiers, or even converse with them, for if it should come to his ears that we were doing such a thing, he should have us marched out with a guard of honor. I replied to Brigadier Scott, C. B., that if we were what we professed to be—the servants of God, entrusted with a message of life to the people—he was assuming a fearful responsibility in using his authority to keep the truth from the people.

We had a long discussion with him, and bore a bold and fearless testimony that the Lord had raised up His servant Joseph Smith and others to prune the vineyard for the last time, and He (the Lord) was not going to be mocked. The general was very pointed in his remarks, and so were we. He was the commanding officer in Meerut, and had all power and authority to thwart our missionary labors, and we knew that we were the servants of the Most High, who was our bulwark and our strength, consequently Brigadier Scott's threat did not intimidate us.

We returned to Mr. Kelly, our host, and told him that after the interview we had held with the commanding officer, we might be compelled to leave any day; however, he felt willing to entertain us until we were compelled to leave. He also informed us that a man by the name of Smith occupied a building outside of cantonments which contained a large room that was often used for public purposes, and would make an excellent lecture room. We lost no time in visiting the man and stating our business. He appeared to have no objections, but wished us to wait till Mrs. Smith came in, and see how she felt about it. On her arrival he intimated to his wife that we desired to obtain the use of their hall to lecture in. After making this statement he passed out, and Mrs. Smith made no reply, pro or con. Shortly a servant came in and handed her a note. It burst upon our minds simultaneously that Mr. Smith had not the manhood to say that we could not have the hall, but sneaked out and communicated his feelings to his wife by letter, leaving her to make a suitable pretext to get rid of us. She played her part well. After reading the "chit," or letter, she looked at us very composedly, and commenced to chat on different topics to divert our suspicion from the nature of the note. After awhile she struck the subject of the hall, making the plea that she had rented it to a party of travelers, who were daily expected.

We next visited Colonel Ponsonby, whom we understood had charge of a large uninhabited mansion, located outside of cantonments, the residence of the late Dyce Sombre, a distinguished native. We learned from the colonel that the house was not then in his care. However, he invited us into his house, and introduced us to a Major Wiggins, as "Mormon" Elders, from Salt Lake. They were both eager to ask questions in relation to Utah and our doctrines. We spent the greater part of the afternoon conversing with them. They treated us very courteously, inviting us to call again, which we did, and sold them quite a number of our books.

Before proceeding further with our experience in Meerut, I will give my readers a brief description of the station and surroundings. Meerut is the chief town of a district of the same name. The district contains an area of 2,368 square miles, and has a native population of 1,300,000. The native city, which contains nearly 80,000 of this population, is situated in the center of the Doab, about twenty-five miles from the river Ganges, and the same distance from the Jumna. It lies forty-two miles north-east of the city of Delhi, and is built on the Kalie Nuddee, a small river. The native city is composed of poorly-built houses, with narrow and dirty streets—a general characteristic of the most of oriental towns. However, the remains of pagodas and mosques show that these dilapidated edifices were constructed with great architectural skill. The finest building in the Meerut cantonments is the English Church, which will seat 3 000 people, and contains a magnificent organ.

The military cantonments are about two miles to the north of the native city, and are divided into two parts by the Kalie Nuddee, over which two bridges are built. The north part of the cantonments contains accommodations for a brigade of horse artillery; also ample accommodations to quarter a regiment of European infantry and cavalry. These barracks are separated from each other a short distance. In front of the barracks is a splendid parade ground, about a mile in width and four miles in length, where they performed their field practice. Adjacent to the parade ground are the stables, riding schools, hospitals, and other military offices. The

barracks consist of a series of low-roofed brick buildings, each having a large, lofty room, encircled with a verandah, which is partitioned off into suitable rooms for non-commissioned officers, and the families of soldiers. Behind the soldiers' barracks are three rows of bungalows. The buildings were placed a short distance from each other to give ample room for gardens, which were filled with all the tropical fruits of India. The south part is composed of huts, the quarters of the Sepoy troops, with the bungalows of their Anglo-Indian officers. It was in these huts where the Sepoy mutiny began, which, afterwards, desolated that part of India where we performed the greatest part of our labors

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

AFTER the Twelve returned from their English mission Joseph requested them to take the burden of the business of the Church at Nauvoo, and especially that pertaining to the selling of the Church lands. At a special conference which was held in Nauvoo, August 16th, 1841, Joseph stated to the people there assembled that the time had come when the Twelve should be called upon to stand in their place next to the First Presidency, and attend to the settling of emigrants and the business of the Church at the Stakes, and assist to bear off the kingdom victorious to the nations. They had been faithful, and had borne the burden in the heat of the day, and it was right they should have an opportunity of providing something for themselves and their families, and at the same time relieve him, that he might attend to the business of translating. At this conference the Twelve selected a number of Elders to go on missions to various cities. Joseph stated to the conference that he wished the cities of Nauvoo, Zarahemla, Warren, Nashville and Ramus built up.

On the 12th of August Nauvoo was visited by a considerable number of the Sac and Fox Indians. They came there to see Joseph. They were conducted to the grove where meetings were usually held, and Joseph instructed them in many things which the Lord had revealed to him concerning their fathers, and the promises that were made concerning them in the Book of Mormon. He advised them to cease killing each other and warring with other tribes, and to keep peace with the whites. His counsel and instructions were interpreted to them. "Keokuk," the leading chief, replied he had a Book of Mormon at his wick-e-up, which Joseph had given him some years before. "I believe," said he to Joseph, "you are a great and good man. I look rough, but I also am a son of the Great Spirit. I've heard your advice—we intend to quit fighting, and follow the good talk you have given us." After this conversation, they were feasted by the brethren with food, melons, etc., and they gave the people a specimen of their dancing.

On the 2nd of October conference commenced in Nauvoo. By request, Joseph preached on baptism for the dead. His remarks were listened to with intense interest by the large con-

gregation. He said that those Saints who neglect this doctrine, in behalf of their dead relatives, do it at the peril of their own salvation. The dispensation of the fullness of times will bring to light the things that have been revealed in all former dispensations; also other things that have not been before revealed. On the day that the conference commenced, Joseph and his counselors laid the corner-stone of the Nauvoo House. The conference adjourned on the 5th.

On the 8th of November the baptismal font under the main hall of the Temple was dedicated, and baptisms for the dead were attended to for the first time in it on the 21st. President B. Young, and President Heber C. Kimball and John Taylor baptized about forty persons, and Elders W. Woodruff, Geo. A. Smith and W. Richards confirmed them. By the revelations of this glorious principle the hearts of the Saints were greatly comforted and cheered. They had the privilege of going forth and acting in behalf of their dead relatives and friends, who could not act for themselves, and who, while they lived in the flesh, were ignorant of the gospel. Joseph's own words in relation to this principle are very plain and forcible. He says: "it is no more incredible that God should *save* the dead, than that he should *raise* the dead. * * * This glorious truth is well calculated to enlarge the understanding, and to sustain the soul under troubles, difficulties, and distresses. For illustration, suppose the case of two men, brothers, equally intelligent, learned, virtuous and lovely, walking in uprightness and in all good conscience, so far as they had been able to discern duty from the muddy stream of tradition, or from the blotted page of the book of nature. One dies and is buried, having never heard the gospel of reconciliation: to the other the message of salvation is sent, he hears and embraces it, and is made the heir of eternal life. Shall the one be a partaker of glory, and the other be consigned to hopeless perdition? Is there no chance for his escape? Sectarianism answers, none! none!! none!!! Such an idea is worse than Atheism. The truth shall break down and dash in pieces all such bigoted Pharisaism; the seats shall be sifted, the honest in heart brought out, and their priests left in the midst of their corruption."

There were a number of bad men in those days, who, professing to be Latter-day Saints, were guilty of many evil practices. Not content with doing wrong themselves, they tried to lead others to engage with them by telling them that Joseph knew all about their acts, and that he had given them authority to steal. They endeavored to screen themselves by using Joseph's and Hyrum's, and other leading men's names. They said it was not wrong to take anything from a Gentile; the prophet Isaiah had said that Zion should suck the milk of the Gentiles; and Micah had said that the gain of the Gentiles was to be consecrated to the Lord and their substance to the Lord of the whole earth. When, therefore, they stole property from men who did not belong to the Church, they said they were "consecrating," or they were "milking the Gentiles" and justified themselves for so doing, and called it perfectly right. Of course, when such actions became known, the whole Church had to take the blame; for these wicked men told that it was a doctrine of the Church and that Joseph had taught it. This wickedness was a cause of sorrow to Joseph and Hyrum and the leading Elders. They did all they could to bring such things to light, and they cut every one off from the Church whom they knew to be guilty. Joseph and Hyrum each published statements informing the Church and the public that such doctrines had never been taught by them, and that they held themselves and their property ready to be

used to support the laws in punishing men guilty of stealing and other crimes. They made oath to these statements before the mayor of the city and a justice of the peace, and published their affidavits. The Twelve Apostles also published an epistle, in which they spoke in very strong language about those thieves, and quoted from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants to show what the Lord had said about those who would rob and steal.

Our little readers will probably think it strange that Joseph and his brother Hyrum and the Twelve should take such pains to make it known that they did not teach men to steal. It would not be necessary to do so now. No person who knows the Twelve and other authorities of the Church would think for a moment that they would teach such doctrines. Yet, since we have lived in these valleys, there have been bad men who have taught ignorant boys that stealing was right and that President Young knew what they were doing, and they had his counsel about such things. We trust that the day has past when boys will believe, or be deceived by such lies. The children go to Sunday school, and have the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to read, and are better taught now than they were formerly. A boy must be very ignorant indeed now who does not know that it is wrong to steal either from the Gentiles or the Saints. In the days of Joseph the Church was young, and many of the members were ignorant. Wicked men took advantage of this ignorance by saying that stealing the property of the Gentiles was one of the "mysteries of the kingdom." They said that Joseph believed and taught it, but he had to do it in secret, for the time had not yet come, they said, for him to teach it openly. Joseph knew that the enemies of the Church were ready to take every advantage they could of him and the people. If they could make men believe that he taught the people to rob and steal they would be enraged against him and the Saints, and would approve of their being mobbed and killed. On this account Joseph, Hyrum and the Twelve took the trouble they did to make their views known.

(To be Continued.)

SOUND ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always tell the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above anything else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to your bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at a game of chance. Avoid temptation, though you feel sure you can withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out of it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

INCIDENTS OF A MISSION.

BY ELDER C.

(Continued.)

ON the day after the meeting in the little log school house, which ELDER C. had addressed at the instance of farmer Randall, he prepared to bid good by to the latter and his kind family, who would accept no pay for their hospitality, but urged him to spend a week with them. This he could not do consistently with his circumstances; and so Mr. Randall took him in his wagon to the next town, seven miles, which was quite a help to him. From there he walked about seven miles to a railroad station, paid half a dollar, nearly all the money he had, for a ticket to the next station, but sent his valise on by rail to Bethel, his destination.

After riding as far as his money would carry him, he was still fifteen miles from friends, and it was late in the afternoon. He started out on a fast walk, and had traveled about five miles when it became so intensely dark that he could not see more than a few feet from him. He began to realize that it would be dangerous for him to attempt to walk the remaining ten miles of his journey that night, as the country was sparsely settled, and nearly all covered with forest, and he might readily lose his way. Just as he was wondering what to do, or if there were any houses near, he saw a light just ahead of him. This convinced him that he had reached the village of Bryant's Pond. Approaching the light, he found it to be a lantern in the hand of one of two men who were conversing together. He asked them if there was a hotel in the place. "Yes, sir," said one of them, "and this man keeps it," pointing to the man who had the lantern. ELDER C. then told the landlord that he would like very much to put up with him; that he did not have the money to pay the bill, but would remit the amount as soon as he reached friends, if the landlord would accommodate him; and that he was a traveling missionary, from Utah.

"Say nothing about the money," said the hotel keeper. "You are welcome to such accommodations as my house affords." So saying, he led the way into the house, and ordered supper for the missionary.

After supper, ELDER C. went into the sitting room, where he conversed till a late hour, with the landlord and several guests, on subjects connected with his religion. All seemed much interested, and treated ELDER C. with marked respect. Next morning the landlord urged him to remain and hold some meetings. This ELDER C. would not do for want of time, but promised to try and come that way again if he could, before leaving the State. The landlord assured him he would be welcome to stay at the hotel, free of charge, and could also have the privilege of holding meetings in it. Leaving his peace and blessing with the man for his kindness, the young missionary pursued his way on foot to Bethel, where he called on a party to whom he had a letter of introduction, and was well received. There were some scattered Saints in that vicinity with whom he spent a week or two, greatly enjoying the privilege of meeting with those of his own faith.

The next interesting experience which he had, occurred soon after the above. ELDER C. had just reached the town of Farmington, his father's native place, when several of his father's old friends invited him to hold a meeting in North

Chesterville, a small village adjoining Farmington. There was but one church in the place, which had been erected by the united efforts of the people, some of whom belonged to one church and some to another, with the understanding that any pew-owner might invite the minister of his choice to preach, provided there was no previous appointment. There was no settled minister in the village.

ELDER C. accepted the invitation, which was tendered by men who owned pews, and the appointment was made for Sunday morning. But early that morning a pious, bigoted man, who owned a pew, saddled up his horse and rode around the village, notifying the people that "that Mormon Elder couldn't have the church, for an Adventist elder had a previous appointment." He told this pious lie in order to hedge up the way of a servant of God, and prevent the people from turning out to hear him, for he knew they would not turn out well to hear an Adventist. The people began to wonder what the matter was, for they had heard nothing of the Adventist's appointment, and the pious bigot who called to tell them of it took a most effectual way of advertizing ELDER C.'s meeting. Some time before the hour for service, some of the gentlemen called on ELDER C. and told him that a few pew-owners objected to his coming into the church, and asked if, for the sake of peace, he would be willing to preach in the school house, which stood close to the church. ELDER C. replied that it made no difference to him, whatever. So when this change began to be noised around it greatly increased the interest, and almost the entire adult population of the village turned out and filled the school house. There was no service in the church, for there was no one to attend it, scarcely.

The afternoon meeting gave such satisfaction that another was desired, and an appointment was made for that evening. Just before the hour for commencing, a great crowd gathered in front of the schoolhouse. "Where is the key?" was the question which was soon asked by first one and then another of those who waited for admittance.

It was soon ascertained that a dastardly attempt to prevent the meeting had been made, by concealing the key. After some delay another key was produced, the room opened, and the meeting proceeded, with a very crowded house. The efforts of his opposers had only helped to increase the interest in ELDER C.'s labors.

Soon after this, ELDER C. left the State of Maine and returned to Massachusetts for the purpose of starting off the Lawrence Saints, who were all ready to emigrate. He accompanied them to New York, saw them safely off, and felt thankful to the Lord for thus seeing the sheaves he had reaped, gathered to the garner of Zion.

(To be Continued.)

MANY persons when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life, throw their darling vices overboard, as mariners do their treasures, only to fish them up again after the storm is over.

A SMILE costs the giver nothing; yet it is beyond price to the erring and repenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunshine.

HISTORY OF AN INVENTION.

IT may not be generally known that an important invention in connection with the manufacture of carpets originated as follows: An operative weaver, in a large establishment, was engaged in weaving a carpet that, in its finished state, would appear as a velvet pile. At that period this description of carpet was woven much in the manner of brussels, the loops being afterward cut by hand—a slow and costly process. These loops are formed by the insertion of wires of the requisite thickness to form the loop; they were then withdrawn. This weaver—either by cogitation or the result of a bright thought—came to the conclusion that if these wires were so constructed as, on being withdrawn, to cut the loops, thus instantly completing the formation of the pile, it would be a great economy. Taking one of the rods, he changed its form to the required shape, ground a knife-edge upon it, took it to his loom, and inserted it into the web—all the while maintaining strict secrecy—and with some degree of excitement watched its weaving down until the moment of its withdrawal. This came, the rod was drawn out, the loops were cut, and the experiment was a perfect success, the pile being cut with great evenness.

The weaver, with a shrewdness often wanting in inventors, doubled up the rod and hid it away, wove down the line of cut loops upon the roll, then "knocked off," or stopped his loom, and proceeded to the office of the mill, where he demanded to see the principal. The clerk demurred at this, asking if he himself could not do all that was required; but no, the weaver persisted. Then the manager tried, but with the same result; only the principal would suit the weaver. The employer was informed of the operative's persistence in determining to see him; so he at once ordered him to be admitted. This was done, and the weaver stepped into the well-furnished and handsomely carpeted office of the manufacturer. His employer addressed him: "Well, John," (for so we will call him) "what is it you want?" "Well, maister, I've gotten summut you mun hey," replied John. "Wo'dn't yo like a way at makkint loom cut piles?" continued the weaver. "Yes! that I would!" replied the employer; and I will reward any man handsomely who brings me a plan of doing it," added he. "Awn yore mon, then," said the operative. "Wod'll yo gi' me?" he further asked. After some further conversation a bargain was struck, and a sum agreed upon, which the weaver should be entitled to claim in the event of the plan for automatically cutting the pile of the carpet being a success. Arrangements were made for its trial: the weaver made his preparations: the master, the manager, and one or two confidential employes gathered around the loom upon which the experiment had to be made, all others being sent outside the range of observation. The new form of wires were inserted, woven down, and withdrawn, leaving a well-cut pile upon the face of the carpet. The weaver had won his prize, and it was honorably paid. As a reward for his ingenuity a generous pension was regularly paid him up to a recent date, and for anything we know to the contrary he may be enjoying it yet. He retired from the weaving-shed, determined to spend the rest of his days in ease and comfort. His employers secured by patent the invention, which contributed to place that manufacturing establishment in the foremost rank in the trade, while its owners attained to wealth and social eminence as the reward for their prudent enterprise.

Selected.

GATHER UP THE SUNBEAMS

(From the Utah Musical Times.)

WORDS BY COOPER.

MUSIC BY G. CARELESS.

Moderato.

1. Gather up the sunbeams, In this world of ours; Always round your pathway Strew the sweetest flowers. Cheer the hearts that
 2. Gather up the sunbeams, Do some good each day; Deeds of love and kindness Never pass a - way; If one heart that's
 sorrow Where-so'er they be; Words of loving kindness, Give them bounteously! Seek the poor and lowly, Ev'rywhere they're
 lonely, We can bless and cheer, Oh, the noble mission We are serving here! Seek the poor and lonely, Ev'rywhere they're
 found; Gather up the sunbeams, Scatter them a-round! Gather up the sunbeams, Scatter them a-round!
 found; Gather up the sunbeams, Scatter them a-round! Gather up the sunbeams, Scatter them a-round!

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To whiff! to whiff! to whee!
 "Will you listen to me?
 "Who stole four eggs I laid,
 "And the nice nest I made!"
 "Not I," said the cow, "oh no!
 "Such a thing I would not do.
 "I gave you a wisp of hay,
 "But didn't take your nest away!"
 "Coo!" said the dove, "coo coo!
 "Let me speak a word or two.
 "Who stole that pretty nest
 "From a little red-breast?"
 "Not I," said the sheep, "Oh no,
 "I wouldn't treat a bird so;
 "I gave the wool, the nest to line,
 "But the nest was none of mine."
 "Caw! caw! cried the crow,
 "I should like to know
 "What thief took away
 "A bird's nest to-day?"
 "Chuck! chuck!" said the hen,
 "Don't ask me again;
 "Why I hav'n't a chick
 "Would do such a trick.
 "We all gave a feather,
 "And she wove them together.
 "I'd scorn to intrude
 "On her or her brood!"

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
 "We will make a good stir.
 "Let us find out his name
 "And all cry 'For shame!'"
 "I wouldn't rob a bird,"
 Said little Mary Green.
 "I think I never heard
 "Of anything so mean!"
 "'Tis very cruel, too,"
 Said little Alice Neal;
 "I wonder if he knew
 "How bad the bird would feel?"
 A little boy hung down his head,
 And went and hid behind the bed.
 For he stole that pretty nest
 From pretty little red-breast;
 And he felt so full of shame
 That he didn't like to tell his name!

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